Charlotte Mellen Packard in The Literary World. You cry your posies o'er again Whene'er the Master's page we scan; Your lips wreathe with that light refrain still shyly sweet to man.

For you the honeyed summer pours Her warmth into the variant March; Yet all the dalaty spring is yours— Shy, debonair, and arch. How live you safe from every harm. Perdita, though earth's blossoms fade. And centuries of youth and charm Time's sickle low hath laid,

To smile and cry your garden hoard. Rathe violets and daffy's gold! Ab, how? but that the Master's word Forbids you to grow old.

## PIETRO GHISLERI.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD, Author of "Saraeinesca," "The Three Fater," etc. Copyright, 1892, by Macmillan & Co. CHAPTER XI

The season had begun, but Pietro Ghisleri had him credit. It would, of course, have been an several months; but during a fortnight after he had laid Lord Herbert in the Protestant cometery at Monte Terraccio he was seen nowhere. He went, indeed, to the house of the Cantessa dell' Armi, but he made his visits at hours when no one else was received, as everybody knew, and he consequently saw none of his acquaintances except in the street. Twice daily at first, and then once, he went to the door of the Tempietto and to say, after the first three or four days the news | child became uniformly good, Ghisleri learned that the little boy had come into the world sound and strong You shall see him one of these days-he is asleep at all points, without the slightest apparent tendency to inherit his father's physical defects. which, indeed, had been wholly the result of acciexpress wish, had been kept in ignorance of Arden's illness on the first day and had not learned that he was seriously ill until he was actually towards hastening her daughter's recovery. It was wonderful that Lama should have escaped the

The Princess told Ghisleri that the child scemed to have taken Herbert's place. He was to be called Herbert, too, and the other dearly loved one who had borne the name was never spoken of. No one would ever know what Laura felt, but those who knew her well guessed at the depth of a sorrow beyond words or outward signs of grief In the mean while life revived in her and she began to live for her child, as she had lived for her husband, loving the baby boy with a twofold love, for himself and for his father's sake.

Ghisleri had written to the Marquess of Lulworth, Arden's brother, but'a letter from him to fully. "And then, it is such a compensation. Arden himself arrived on the day after the latter's yacht. The Lulworths were people whose move- were in her mind at the time. ments it was impossible to foretell, and after likely to touch at, Ghisleri abandoned all hope of hearing from them for a long time,

Meanwhile, he ascertained that Laura was likely to be hamoered for ready money. Her mother's him. private resources were very slender, and Laura "I was far too proud to accept any assistance from Adele Savelli's father. She could not dispose, as matter of fact, of anything which her husband happened to be in the house; for she could not even draw upon his letters of credit until the will was proved and the legal formalities all carriel out. It was natural, too, that at such a time she should neither be aware of her position nor give a thought to such a trivial matter as household

One morning Donald came to Ghisleri's rooms in considerable distress, to ask advice of his master's old friend. He would not disturb Lady Herbert. first impulse was to give him all the cash he had: but he reflected that in the first place the sum might not be sufficient, for Donald, in a rather broken voice, had referred to "the necessary expenses when his lordship died," and which must be met; and, secondly, Pietro felt that when Laura came to know the truth, she would not like to find herself under a serious obligation to him.

Donald," he said, after a few moment's re flection, "it is none of my business, but you have been a long time with Lord Herbert, and you are Scotchman, and the Scotch are said to be careful; have you saved a little money?"

Well, yes, sir," answered Donald; "since you ask me, I may say that I have saved a trifle. And I am sure, sir, it would be most heartily at her ladyship's disposal if I could go home and get it."

you the equivalent, in our money, of a couple of hundred pounds. You can then pay everything, and when the law business is finished and you come to settle with her ladyship, you can say that you Will you premise?" advanced the sum yourself. That will be quite true, because I lend it to you, personally, as money promised it before now." for your use, and when you get it back you will pay it to me. Do you see?"

Yes, sir; it is a good way, too. But if you will excuse me, sir, you might very well lend the money to her ladyship's self without pretending

No. Donald, I would rather not. Do you understand? Lady Herbert would much rather borrow from you than from a stranger." "A stranger, sir' Well, well, if his poor lord-

ship could hear you call yourself a stranger, sir! One who is no relation. She might feel uncomfortable about it, just as you would rather come to me than go to the Princes of Gerano. "Yes, sir. When you put it in that way, I see

So Ghisleri took Donald with him to a banker's and drew upon his slender resources for five thous-and francs, which he gave to the Scotchman in notes. It had seemed to him the simplest way of providing for Laura's immediate necessities, while keeping her in ignorance of the fact that any helping her with money was an odd one, he conwalked idly away in the opposite direction through

the crowded streets. As he strolled down the Corso thinking of Laura's position, he came suddenly upon Donna-Adole Savelli, alone and on foot. Even through the veil she wore he could see that she was very much changed. She had grown thin and pale, and her manner was unaccountably nervous when

Have you been ill?" he inquired, scrutinizing

No, not ill," she answered, looking restlessly to the right and left of him and avoiding his "I cannot tell what is the matter with mc. I cannot sleep of late-perhaps it is that. band says it is nothing, of course. I would give anything to go away for a month or two."

You, who are so fond of society! Just at the beginning of the season, too! liow odd! But you should be careful of yourself if you are losing onal in small doses. It does real good, and it ver becomes a habit, as chloral does."
"Sulphonal? I never heard of it. Is it really

Ghisleri took one of his cards and wrote the take. Even in great quantities it is not danger-

Donna Adele left him rather abruptly, taking

little heart for going into the world. Apart from the very sad scenes of which he had been a witness so recently, he really mourned the loss of his friend to forgotten during those hours of suffering and joint with a sincerity for which few would have given | nursing which preceded her hasband's death. Ghisleri was quite conscious of it, and was inwardly exaggeration to act as though Arden had been his hart. It was hard, too, to talk of indifferent subbrother and to east himself of from society for | jeets, as he felt that he must, carefully avoiding | despair. He was capable, if he failed to reach a any allusion to the time when they hall last been

"How do you pass the time?" he asked, after few words of commonplace greeting and inquiry. It must be very tiresome for you, I should think. "I never was so busy in my life," Laura answered. "You have no idea what it is to take

"No." said Ghisleri, with a smile, "I have no sent up for news of Laura and the child. Strange | idea. But your mother tells me he is a splendid

> "Of course I think so, and my mother does now. Would you like to know how my day is

And she went on to give him an account of the dent. The Princess of Gerano, who, by Laura's baby life that so wholly absorbed her thoughts. to her judgment as to that of a person supremely Ghisleri listened quietly as though he understood to talk of something else, and he felt something like a sensation of pain as Laura constantly called it all. He wished, indeed, that it were possible dead, had now established herself permanently at like a sensation of pain as Laura constantly called Tempietto, and her presence doubtless did much the child "Herbert," just as she had formerly have been made. But he computed himself with been used to speak of her husband. Nevertheless, he was conscious also of a certain sense of satisfever, stiff more so that she should raily so rapidly faction. During the month which had clapsed she from a series of shocks which might have rained an had learned to hide her great trouble under the ordinary constitution; but Laura was very strong. joy of early motherhood. There was something very beautiful in her devotion to the child of her sorrew, and burt though Ghisleri was by her manner to him, she seemed more lovely and more admirable than ever in his eyes. He said so when he went to see Maddalena dell' Armi late in the

"I have seen Lady Herbert to-day," he began It is the first time since poor Arden died."

"Is she very unhappy?" asked the Contessa. "She must be, for she never speaks of him. She talks of nothing but the child." "I understand that," said Maddalena, thought-

"Yes." Ghisleri sighed. He was thinking of death, telling him that Lord and Lady Lalworth | what her life might have been if children had been were just starting to go round the world in their horn to her, and he guessed that the same thought

"Did you ever think," she asked, after a lon sending a number of telegrams to ports they were pause, "what would become of me if you left me I should be quite alone; do you realize that?" Ghisleri remembered how nearly he had broken with her more than once, and his conscience smote

"I would rather not think of it," he said

You should," she answered. "It will come

ome day. I know it. When it does I shall turn had left her except the actual ready money which into a very bad woman, much worse than I am

"That is a parose, my dear friend," said Madda-lena. "I always tell you that you are too fond of evading phrases. You ought not to do it with me. You are not really at all sensitive. I do not

ven believe that you have much heart, though you used to make me believe that you had." "Have I shown "on that I am heartless?" "That is always your way of answering. You d, and he was ashamed to tell the Prince's are a very strange compound of contradictions."

ing into the habit of never believing a word I "And yet I would not be unjust to you for the world. You have given me almost the only happiness I ever knew, and yet, from having

believed too much, I know that I am coming to believe too little." "And you even think it is a mere phrase when

"Sometimes. You are not easily hurt, and I do not believe either——" She stopped suddenly in the midst of her speech.

"What?" asked Ghisleri.

"I will not say it. I say things to you occasionally which I regret later. I told you that I would not be unjust, and I will try not to be. Be faithful, if you can, but be honest with me. Do not pretend that you care for me one hour longer than you really do. It would be not be seen and she saw that he was pleased, "I am very glad that you should take any interest in me—of any kind whatever. Would you like to know "Yes."

"Yes." You need not go for it. Donald. I will lend Be faithful, if you can, but be honest with me to know the truth, but it is much worse to doubt.

"Yes," answered Pictro, gravely. "I have

"Then remember it. Be sure of what you mean and of yourself, if you can-be quite, quite sure. You know what it would mean to me to break. I have not even a little child to love me, as Laura Arden has. I shall have nothing when you are gone-nothing but the memory of all the wrong I have done, all that can never be undone in this

Ghisleri was moved and his strong face gre very pale while she was speaking. He had often realized it all of late, and he knew how greatly se had wronged her. It was not the first time in his life that he had been so placed, and that remorse, real while it lasted, had taken hold of him even before love was extinct. But he had never felt so strongly as he felt to-day, and he did his best to comfort himself with the shadowy medieine of good resolutions. He had honestly hoped that he might never love woman again besides Maddalena dell' Armi, and as that hope grew faintof self-respect he had left were being torn from him necessity at all really existed. The sensation of piecemeal. She, on her part, was very far from guessing what he suffered, for she was unjust to him, in spite of her real desire net to be so, and it was in a measure this same rejustice which was undermining what had been once a very sincere love-good in that one way, if smful and guilty in all other respects. Unbelief is, perhaps, what a man's love can bear the least; as a woman's may break and die at the very smallest unfaithfulness in him she loves, and as average human nature is largely compounded of faithlessness and unbelief.

"As you do. I fancy. What difference can it make to you?"

Ghisleri saw no one after he left Maddalena on that day. He went home and shut himself up afone in his freom, as he had done many times before that in his life, despairingly attempting to see clearly into his own heart, and to distinguish, if possible, the right course from the wrong in the dim light of the only morality left to him then, which was his sense of honor. And the position was a very hard one. He knew too well that his love for Maddalena was waning, and he even doubted whether it had been even love at all. Most bitterly he reproached himself for the evil he had already brought into her existence, and for the suffering that awaited her in the fature. Again and again he went over in his mind the he had already brought into her existence, and for the suffering that awaited her in the future. Again and again he went over in his mind the hours of the past, recalling vividly each word and gesture out of the time when the truest sympathy had seemed to exist between them, and asking himself why it might not take a new life again and be all that it once had been. The answer that suggested itself was too despicable in his eyes for him to accept it, for it told him that Maddalena kerself had changed and was no longer the suffering that awaited her in the future. She was surprised by the result of the question she had at first put to him, and was at the same time conscious that she did not feel toward him as she had hitherto felt. Not that she liked him any better. She was perhaps further than ever from that, though her likes and dislikes did not depend at all upon the moral estimate she formed of people's characters. But she understood what he meant far better than and sushed that suggested itself was too despicable in his eyes for him to accept it, for it told him that Maddalena herself had changed and was no longer the suffering that awaited her in the future. Again and again he went over in his mind the freult of the question she had at first put to him, and was at the same time conscious that she did not feel toward him as she had hitherto felt. Not that she liked him any better. She was perhaps further than ever from that, though her likes and dislikes did not depend at all upon the moral estimate she formed of people's characters. But she understood what he meant far better than the surgery and was at the same time conscious that she did not feel toward him as she had hitherto felt. Not that she liked him any better. She was perhaps further. The nobody ever heard. I am quite from the dark about the other."

Tanks."

Thanks."

Thanks."

The had already brought into her existence, and for the cuestion she had at first put to him, and was at the same time conscious that she did not feel toward him as the had

dently intending to make use of it at once.

In the left had good cause for not liking her, and wondered inwardly why he had suggested a means of alleviating her sufferings. It would have been much better to let her bear them, he thought. Then he laughed at himself—any doctor would have told her what to take, and would probably have given her a store of good advice besides.

Nearly a month had passed when Ghisleri was at last admitted to see Laura. He found her lying upon the same sofa on which she slept a few hours during the memorable night before her husband diel. She was even thinner now, he thought, and her eyes seemed to be set deeper than ever, while her tace was almost transparent in its pallor. But the look was different—it was that of a person growing stronger rather than of one breaking down under a heavy strain. She held out her hand to him and booked up with a faint smile as lecture of the set of t

up the whole attempt to understand himself and of leaving the whole matter to chance with a cooliness which would have seemed cruel and cynical ness which would have seemed cruel and cynical if it had not been the result of something like despair. He was capable, if he failed to reach a conclusion by logical means, of tossing up a coin conclusion by logical means, of tossing up a coin dell' Armi that he did not love her, or else stand by her in spite of every obstacle and devote his whole life to the elaborate fraction of an unreal attachment. Strangely enough, Laura Arden played a part, and an important one, in bringing about his ultimate decision. He assuredly had no thought of loving her, nor of the possibility of loving her at that time. He would even hive thought it an exaggeration to say that he was developed in the next room.

There was in either case a certain amount of truth in what she said. Great sorrow is undersubly attached to her in the way of frightship, and yet he felt that she exercised a dominating influence over his mind. He found himself laying influence over his mind. He found himself laying influence over his mind. He found himself laying alone," added Laura, "Signor Ghisleri is the matter before her in imagination, as he should the matter before her in inagination, as he should the matter before her in inagination, as he should the matter before her in inagination, as he should the matter before her in inagination, as he should the matter before her in inagination, as he should the matter before her in inagination, as he should the matter before her in inagination, as he should the matter before her in inagination, as he should the matter before her in inagination, as he should the possibility of the possibil the matter before her in imagination, as he should never be likely to do in fact, and submitting it capable of distinguishing right from wrong and dalena, though possibly no such comparison could own eyes with the lofty purity of thought and quence could hardly fail to be a certain aspiration to go out and dine, and weary of the hard problem,

he was not much further advanced than when he had sat down to think of it last in the afternoon. In the morning everything seemed simpler, and In the morning everything seemed simpler, and the necessity for immediate decision disappeared. He had not yet by any means reached the point of not loving Maddalena at all, and until he did there was no reason why he should form any plan of action. It would in any case be very hald to act upon such a plan, for the dreaded moment would in all likelihood be a stormy one, and he could not foresee in the least what Maddalena herself would do.

lems for her judgment and to see how nearly sh would solve them in the way he expected her to choose. He was rarely mistaken in his expecta-

had not suspected.
"Are you a happy man?" she once asked him rather abruptly, and watching the expression of

"I can only tell you in a general way. I make no pretence to any sort of goodness or moral restitude, beyond what we men commonly melude in what we call the cade of honor. But I am perpetually termented about my own motives. Knowing mysell to be what I am, I distrust every good impulse I have, merely because it is not a bad one, because my natural impulses are bad, and because I will not allow myself to act any sort of come by, even in my own feelings. That sort of honesty, or desire for honesty, is all I have left—po it hangs the last shred of my tattered self-respect."

tered self-respect.
"How dreadful." Laura's deep eyes rested on
him for the first time with a new expression.

swered Laura, to be very unhappy."

"Why do you doubt that I feel what I have told you?" Ghisleri wendered, as he asked the question, whether he was ever to be believed again by any woman. "Do you think I am untruthful?"

"No," said Laura, quickly. "Indeed I do not. On the contrary, I think you very serupulously exact when you speak of things you know about. But any one may be mistaken in judging of him-

ean."
Why do you so often talk about being bad?
will end by making me believe that you

ing winter.
Ent she would not have gone to England for

CHAPTER XII.

Adele Savelli followed Ghisleri's advice, and took the new medicine he had so carelessly recom-mended. At first it did her good and she regained something of her natural manner. But her nerves seemed to be mysteriously affected and terribly unstreng. Her husband, watching her with the cool judgment of a person neither prepadiced by dislike nor overanxious through great direct by distinct not according to that she was affection, come to the conclusion that she was turning into one of those nervous, hysterical women whom he especially disliked, and whom the herself professed to despise. The world, for a the family sheleton in Casa Savelli had probably grown restless of late, and was rattling his bones in hN closet in a way which disturbed poor dear Adde, who was such a delicately organized be-ing to what particular trice the Savelli's skeleton

There was no main of the fact that was as the forcese in the least what Maddalean herself would do.

After that he felt for a long time much more of the old sympathy with her than he had known of the old sympathy with her than he had known of the divertion of his own motives and thoughts. He divertion of his own motives and spant to be always left her with a sensation of having been soothed and rested, though he could not say of her that she was much inclined to take, and the rest satisfaction at his coming. Probably, he thought, sie was writing to see him so often because he had been Arden's friend. He did not understand that she did not quite like him and that his presence was often irksome to her, for she was fur too kind by nature to let him suspect it. He only thought that he was in her eyes a perfectly indifferent person, and he saw no reason for depriving himself of her society so long as she consented to receive him. They rarely talked of subjects at all relating to themselves, either, and their conversation traned chiefly upon books and general topies. Ghisleri read a good deal in a desallory way, and his memory was good. It interested him, too, to propound problems for her judgment and to see how nearly she was the relating to the mest was a great nervey, and it was no wonder that Laura should have recovered so casily from the sheek and to not be with a sort of feverish, nor was a cay strong man, neverthed first hear in the world was well aware with the relating to the resist hand that the tenth from him. That was for he call the way he exposed the resist had the fact of the relating to the resist had the relating to the relating to thought had been somethed to receive him.

It is allo

In this, as in many other things, Accessions stent. She decided everything.

"It is not even true," she said to Ponna Maria ccapadult, "that Laura has the evil eye."

Put as she said it, she quickly folded her two holle fingers over her bent thrumb, making what alians call "horse" with the foreinger and little ager. Donna Maria saw the action, instinctively situated it, and fell into the habit of repeating it

Italians call "horus" with the forelinger and little finier. Donna Maria saw the action, instinctively imitated it, and fell into the habit of repeating it whenever Laura was mentioned:

"Why do you do that?" asked the Marchesa di San Giacinto of her the next day.

"Eh—my dear! Foor Laura Arden is a terrible jetuatrice, you know. Adele says it is not true, but she makes horus behind her buck all the same, just as every one else dies."

Thereupan the Marchesa did the same thing, wondering that she should so long have been ignorant that Laura had the evil eye. In a week's time all Rome made horrs when Laura was mentioned. At a dinner party a servant broke a glass wher she was being discussed, and at once every one laughed and stuck un their fingers. San Giacinto who, lean as he was, weighed hard upon sixteen stone, sat down epon a light chair in Casa Frangipant, last as he was saying that this new stery about Laurr was all nonsense, and the chair editaged into a little beap of straw and varnished sticks under his weight. It was no wonder, people said, that Arden should have fainted that night at the Pehazzo Bracelo, for Laura had hist accepted him. They seemed to lawe foresten how they he' interpreted that very scene hitherto. The world was not at all surmised that he should have died in the first year of his marriage, considering that he had married a notorious jettatire. Look at poor Alele herself! She had never been well since that dinner at which the reconciliation with Laura was seeled and ratified. Pietro Ghisleri should be careful. It was very anwise of him to go and see her every day. Something awful would happen to him. Indeed it had been noticed that he was not looking at all well of late. That dreadful woman would kill him to a certainty.

Ghisleri was farious when the tale reached him, as it did hefere lone. He knew year wall how errainty.

But any one may be instaken in judging of himself."

"That is precisely the point. I am afraid of finding myself mistaken, and so I do not trust my own motives."

"Yes, I see. But then, if you do what is right you need not let your motives trouble you. That seems so simple."

"To you. Do you remember? I once told you that you were horribly good."

"I am not." said Laura, "but if I were I should not see anything horrible in it."

"I should, and I do. When I see how good you are I am horrified at myself. That is what I mean." he or she may as well bid farewell to society forever. Such a person is shunned as one contaminated; at his approach, every hand is hidden to make the sign of defence; no one will speak to him who can help it, and then always with concealed fineers kept rigidly bent in the orthodox fachion, or clasped upon a charm of proved efficacy. Few, ladeed, are these brave enough to ask such a may to dinner, and they are esteemed almost airgenlasty fortunate it or reinferture. ask such a may be under, and they all almost miraculously fortunate if no misfortune befalls them during the succeeding four and twenty hours, if their houses do not burn, and their children do not develop the measles. In credible as it may appear to northern people, a man or woman may be socially ruined by the im credible as it may appear to northern people, a man or woman may be socially rained by the imputation of "projecting," when it is sustained by the coinciding of the very smallest accident with their presence, or with the mention of their names, and quite enough of such coincidences were actually noted in Loura's case to make the reputation of being a jettatrice cling to her for life Chislert knew this, and his wrath was kindled, and smouldered, and grew hot, till it was ready to burst out at a moment's notice and do considerable damage.

burst out at a moment's notice and do considerable datage.

"It is an abominable shame," he said to Maddalena dell' Armi. "It is all Adele Savelli's doings. She has taken a new departure. Instead of starting bad rejects as true, she begins by denying things of which nobody ever heard. I am quite sure she is at the bottom of it, but I do not see how I can stop the story."

"You seem to care a great deal," said Maddalena.

it." For Laura Arden's sake?" It was the first

## A. A. VANTINE & CO.,

Japanese, Chinese, Turkish and India Goods, 877, 879 BROADWAY,

HAVE NOW READY FOR THE COMING SEASON HUNDREDS OF NEW DESIGNS AND IDEAS IN JAPANESE HAND PAINTED AND DECORATED

## **Table Porcelains**

FOR SUMMER USE, EMBRACING THE LATEST AND MOST APPROVED SHAPES IN DELICATE TINTS AND DECORATIONS,

Comprising SALAD SETS. CRACKED ICE BOWLS, BERRY SETS, ICE CREAM SETS. LEMONADE BOWLS, MARKED AT VERY MODERATE PRICES.

RADISH AND CELERY TRAYS, FRUIT DISHES. BREAD AND MILK SETS, CUPS AND SAUCERS, VEGETABLE DISHES, ETC.,

"Was I wrong to tell you?" isked Maddalena.
"No, indeest. I am very glad you have told me. I shall be more careful in future."
"It will make very nutle difference. You know the world as well as I do, and better. People have began to say that you go to see Lady Herbert every day—they will still say it after you have not been to her house for months."

"Yes. That is the way the world talks. I hope this will not reach her cars—though I suppose it ultimately will. Some dear kind friend will go and tell her in confidence, and give her good advice."

good advice."
"Probably. That is generally the way. Only,

as she is in deep mourning and receives very few people, it may be a little longer than usual in such cases before the affectionate friend gets &t her. Then, too, the idea that she is a jettatrice will keep many of her old acquaintances away. You know how seriously they take those things

from the large than askal in such cases before the affectionate friend gets at her. Then, too, the idea that she is a jettatrice will keep many of her oid acquaintances away. You know how seriously they take those things "You see," said Donna Maria triumphantly to Ghisleri were from the north of Italy, where the superstition about the evil eye is much less general among the appear classes than in Rome and the south. Pietro himself had not the sightest belief in it, and he had so often laughed at it in conversation with the Contessa that if she had ever had any vague tendercy to put faith in the jettatrice it had completely disappeared. But both of them were thoroughly disappeared. But both of them were thoroughly disappeared. But both of them were thoroughly dimiliar with the society in which Laura was placed.

"I will help you as much as I cam," said Madaden, "though I cannot do much. At all events, I can length at the whole time, and slowe that I do been said.

"I will help you as much as I cam," said Madaden, "though I cannot do much. At all events, I can length at the whole time, and slowe that I is quite true, Gianforte?" she asked, "It is position in which Laura was placed.

"I will help you as much as I cam," said Madaden, "though I cannot do much. At all events, I can length at the whole time and slowe that I do been said.

"It is quite true, Gianforte?" she asked, "I believe what had been a momentary laff in the conversation after the little accident, so that he had heard what had been said.

"It is quite true, Gianforte?" she asked, "I tall been a momentary laff in the conversation after the little accident, so that he had beard what had been said.

"It is quite true, the answered. "I believe in the position in which Laura was placed.

"It is quite true, Gianforte?" she asked, "It is quite true, the answered. "I believe in the position in which Laura was placed.

"It is quite true, the answered. "I believe in the conversation and the conversation and the conversation and the conversation and the conve

She spoke sadly and a little bitterly, Ghisfert made no reference to the last remark when he answered her.

"I shall be very sincerely grateful for anything you can do to help the wife of my old friend," he said. "And I think you can do a good deal, you have great influence in the gay set—and that means the people who talk the most—Donna Alebe Donna Maria Boscapaduli, the Marchesa di San Giacinto, and all the rest, who are, more or less, your nitmates. It is very good of you to help me—Lady Herbert needs all the help she can get. Spicen is a useful man, too. If he can be prevailed upon to say something particularly witty at the right moment it will do good."

"I rarely see him," said Maddalem. "He does not like me, I believe."

"He admires you, at all events," answered Ghisteri. "I have heard bina talk about your beauty in the most eathusiastic way, and he is rarely enthusiastic about anything."

Maddalema was pleased, as was natural. She chanced to be in one of her best humors on that day, and indeed of late she had been much more

"He admires you, at all events," answered Ghisleri. "I have heard him talk about your beauty
in the spect enthusiastic way, and he is rarely enthusiastic about nything."

Madeiolena was pleased, as was natural. She
chanced to be in one of her best humors on that
day, and indeed of late she had been much more
her former self when she was with Ghisleri. A
month earlier the discussion about Laura Arden
could not have nassed off so penceably, for the
tentesa would then have resented anything appreceding to the intimest which now appeared to
exist between Lady Herbert and Pietro. The latter wondered what change had taken place in her
character, but accepted her gently behavior toward him very gratefully as a relief from a former phase of jealous fault inding which had cost
him many moments of bitteness. As he see,
from time to time how her cold farse softened,
he almost believed that he loved her as dearly as
ever, though the illusion was not of long duration. He left her on that afternoon with a
restret which he had not for for some time at the
namend of garting, and he would gladly have
staved with her longer. They agreed to meet it
he evening at one of the carbassics, where there
was to be a dance. In the tream time they were
to due and one of the carbassics, where there
was to be a dance. In the arean time they were
to due and as visit to make before going to the ball.

Pletty was sorry that he had promised not to
quarrel about the story of the evil eye. The
affair fruituted him to an extra-rainary degree,
an't though he had crown calmer mader Madonlouna Christian Campodonico. It latter was a
sim dark, graceful woman of the and found himself
oxed hetween Domas Maria Becapadula and
Bonna Christian Campodonico. The latter was a
sim dark, graceful woman of the and one of the order
and documentaries of the beautiful Princess Corlecoe,
and thought over it all. He dired the
economic repartion. Campodonico was the
borther of the beautiful Princess Corlecoe,
and determination. Campodonico had with him
he

time she had ever heard Ghisleri even hint that he would do so tauch for any one, though she knew that he would for herself.

"No," he answered, with sudden gentleness.

"No, "he answered, with sudden gentleness. "No, "he answered, with sudden gentleness. "No, "he answered, with sudden gentleness. Arden told me that I must take care of her, and I mean to do my best as I promised him."

"You are quite right," answered Maddalena, taking his hand and pressing it a little, "I would not have you do otherwise, if I could—if I had all the influence over you which I have not. But oh—if you can help fighting—please—for my sake, if you care—"

Maddalena's cold face and small classic features expressed a great deal at that moment, and there expressed a great deal at that moment, and there were bignit tears in her violet eyes. In her own way she loved him more than ever. He was deeply touched as she tenderly kissed the hand total held hers.

"For your sake I will do all that a man can do to avoid a quarrel," he said carnestly.

"I know you will," she answered.

deeply touched as she tenderly kissed the hand that held hers.

For your sake I will do all that a man can do to avoid a quarrel," he said carnestly.

"I know you will," she answered.
During a tew moments there was silence between them, and Maddalena recovered control of herself.

"That is the true reason why I ask you," she said. "There are plenty of others which you may care for more than I. You would not care to have it said that you were fighting her battles. Will you promise not to be anary if I tell you something you will not like something I know pasitively?"

"Yes. I promise. What is it?"

"Yes. I promise. What is it?"

"People are beginning to say already that you are making leve to her, and that you are always at the house."

"The brutes!" exclaimed Ghisleri, fiercely. "The women, of course. The men are much too sensible, and none of them care to quarrel with you."

"Oh!" Pietro contented himself with the exclaimation, and controlled his amger as best he could.

"Was I wrong to tell you?" isked Maddalena. "No, indeed. I am very glad you have told me. I shall be more careful in future."

"It will make very attle difference. You know the world as well as I do, and better. People have began to say that you go to see Lady Herbert every day—they will still say it after you.

"And now, at the San Giacinto's dinner table, And now, at the San Giacinto's dinner table. And now, at the San Giacinto's dinner table, Chisleri a santed inext to bonna arrive with the beautiful woman aboût whom they had fought, and that they had no objection to meeting for the world, and even to conversing occasionally on general subjects, so that there was nothing to the world, and even to conversing occasionally on general

chair the other day-there, I told you so? she exclaimed suddenly.

Voung Pietrasanta, who, as it happened, had been the one to speak of Laura Arden, had usset a glast, which, being very delicate and falling against a piece of massive silver, was shivered instantly. The claret ran out in a broad stain.

"Allegria-joy!" laughed the lady of the house. Italians very often after this exclamation when wine is spilled. It is probably a survival of some primeval superstition.

"Joy!" repeated Pietrasanta, with quite a different intonation. "If ever I mention that name again!"

wife is a sceptic."
"And you really believe that Pietrasanta upset his glass because he mentioned Lady Herbert?"

wife is a sceptic.

"And you really believe that Pietrasanta upset his glass because he mentioned Lady Herbert?

asked Pietro.

"Ves, I do." Their eyes met quietly as they leoked at each other, but the whole party became silent, and listened to the remarks exchanged by the two men who had once fought such a memorable fight.

Gianforte Campodonico was a very dark man, of medium height, strongly built, and not yet of an age to be stout, with bold, aquiline features, keen black eyes and a prominent chin. A somewhat too heavy mustache almost quite concealed his mouth. At first sight most people would have taken him for a soldier. Of his type he was very handseme.

"Can you give any good reason for believing in anything so improbable?" asket Ghislert.

"There are plenty of facts," answered Campodonico, caimly. "Any one here will give you fifty—a hundred instances, so many, indeed, that you cannot attribute them all to concudence. Do you not agive with me, Marchese?" he asked, appealing to the master of the house, whose apinion was often asked by men, and generally accepted.

"I suppose I do," sail the giant, indifferently.

accepted.

"I suppose I do," sail the giant, indifferently.
"I never took the trouble to think of it. Most of us believe in the cyll eye. But as for this story about Lady Herbert Arden, I think it is story about Lady Herbert Arden, I think it is nonsense in the first place, and a malicious lie in the second, invented by some person or persons unknown—or perhaps very well known to some of you. Half of it rests on that absurd story about the chair I broke in Casa Frangipani. If any of you can grow to be of my size you will knew how easily chairs are broken.

knew how easily chairs are broken."

There was a laugh at his remark, in which Campedonico jetned.

"But it is true that you were speaking of the lady one does not mention at the moment when the chair gave way," he said.

"Yes," said San Giacinto, "I admit that."

"I agree with San Giacinto, though I do not believe in the evil eye at all," said Ghisleri. "And I will go a little further, and say that I think it malicious to encourage the story about Lady Hierbert. She has had trouble enough as it is, without adding to it gratuitously."

"I do not see that we are doing her eny harm," observed Campedonico.

"The gossip may be perfectly indifferent to her now," said Ghisleri. "She is probably quite ignerant of what is said. But in the natural everse of events she will go into the world again, and you know what an injury it will be to her then," "You are looking very far aleead, it seems to me. As for wishing to do her an injury, as you call it, why should 1?

"Exactly. Why should you?"

"I do not."

"I beg your pardon. I think every one who contributes to the circulation of this fable does harm to Lady Herbert, most distinctly."

"In other words, we are not of the same opinion," said Campodonico, in a tone of fritation.

"And I express mine because poor Arden was my oldest friend," answered thisleri, with the atmost calm. "If I cannot persuade you, let us agree to differ." " reading to forefore and be agree to differ."

"By all means," replied Gianferte, and be turned and began to talk with the lady on his

ght. Donna Christina leaned toward Ghisleri and

conversation rose again.
"Is it true?" she asked, "that you and my husband agreed, years ago, that you would never

husband agreed, years ago, that you would never quarrel again?"

Ghisleri looked at her in cold surprise. He was amazed that she should refer to that part of his past life, of which no one ever spoke to him.

"It is true," he answered briefly.

"I am very glad, "said Donna Christina. "I thought you were near a quarrel just now about this absurd affair. You hate each other, and Gianforte is very hot-tempered."

"There is no danger. But I am sorry you think that I hate your husband. He is one of the few men whom I really respect. There are other reasons why I should not hate him, and why I should not be surprised if he lates me with all his heart, as I dare say he does, from what you say."

you say." glanced at her, but she did not answer at once. She was still young and truthful, and it did not occur to her to be be tactful at the ex-

perso of veracity.
"I am glad you defended Lady Herbert as you did," she said, after a short pause. "It was nice